So Banker Appleby takes his $10,000 loss and says nothing

spaces that money is no object to him. Furthermore, the miner is willing to turn over his own share to the banker for the purchase of machinery which will be needed to develop the Arizona mine.

The banker is taken to the retreat in the woods where the miner and Indian are in camp. It is dusk. In the half light the Indian looks real enough, though he is only a white confederate of the confidence men. His face has been stained with walnut juice and his hair(a wig) is in two long black strands. He wears an old hat with an eagle feather in it, and there are moccasins on his feet and a blanket wrapped about his sinewy form. After a handshake and a grunt of welcome the Indian disappears in the brush. He is uneasy when in the presence of white strangers, the miner explains. Uneasy is right—uneasy for fear something may go wrong and he and his partner be delivered over to the keeping of the sheriff!

The banker soon forgets all about the Indian when the gold brick is dug up and he handles the precious object. He is invited to bore into the brick to prove its genuineness. The miner obligingly provides an awl, with which the banker bores into the brick in various places. The shavings, the color of which is not distinguishable in the faint light, drop into a little manila envelope which the miner holds.

After the banker has bored into the brick to his satisfaction the flap of the envelope is sealed by the miner, who starts to put said envelope into his own pocket. Then apparently he thinks better of it and hands the envelope over to the banker.

"You keep these borings," he observes in his guileless way, "and we'll go to town to have them tested."

In that instant the miner has seized another envelope in his inside pocket—the exact duplicate of the envelope in which the borings from the gold brick have been caught. In this second envelope, which is sealed, are borings from twenty-dollar gold pieces. These borings have been made by the swindlers, and the gold pieces have been plugged with lead and passed off on the unsuspicious public.

With the genuine gold borings in his possession the banker goes to town, with the miner close at his side. Generally the test of the borings was made at the local jeweler's place, but, in some cases, the jeweler became suspicious. He was apt to ask awkward qustions about where the banker got the gold borings. To forestall this a third partner was rung into the game. This partner was supposed to be a government assayer. He was planted at the local hotel. On reaching the jewelry store the miner would tell the banker to wait outside. The banker would dutifully wait on the sidewalk with the gold boring still in his possession. Looking through the window, he would see the miner approach the jeweler at the back of the store and ask a question. Then the jeweler would write something on a card, which he would hand to the miner.

"We're in luck," the miner would say, coming out. "There is a government assayer in town and he is over at the hotel now. The jeweler just gave me his card. Here it is." Then he would show the banker a card reading: "John Smith, U. S. Assayer."

What really happened inside the jewelry store was that the miner asked the jeweler for the tradesman's card. Also he asked him to write his name on it, so he could write to the jeweler personally about a certain kind of watch he wanted to buy but which the tradesman did not carry in stock. The miner would substitute the fake card for the jeweler's card before rejoining the banker.

The coast would now be clear for the test. The banker would be taken to the supposed assayer, who would pronounce the borings to be gold, which was true enough. Or, if it was decided to play the game without the assayer and to chance any queries by the jeweler, the dealer's word as to the genuineness of the gold borings would be secured.

The rest of the deal was easy when once the banker became convinced of the genuineness of the borings which he had taken from the gold brick—or which he thought he had taken therefrom. The banker had drawn out of his institution $10,000 for the Indian's share of the brick, which share would really be worth nearly $14,000. Also the simple-minded miner was turning over to Banker Appleby, without a scratch of the pen to show the transaction, his own share in the brick, to be used for the purchase of mining machinery. And finally there was the late John W. Appleby's share, to be delivered (perhaps) to those relatives.

Altogether it appears to be a good day's work for Banker Appleby—$40,000 in exchange for $10,000. He goes back to the camp and the brick is dug up again, in the presence of the red man and the miner, who want to get back to their

Riley turned about and tiptoed back, with me close behind him

beloved Arizona. The brick is turned over to Banker Appleby and he surrenders the $10,000. He hurries back to the bank to put his treasure under lock and key, while the miner and Indian hurry—not to Arizona, but anywhere out of reach of the arm of the law.

But "come-backs" from the gold brick game are less than in any other confidence game, for the reason that the victims are men of prominence in their respective communities. They cannot afford to let it be known that they have been taken in by gold brick swindlers. It would be a death blow to their reputation for business sagacity. The chances are that the story would ruin the business of the bank. So Banker Appleby takes his $10,000 loss and says nothing, though the chances are that he grits his teeth in rage whenever he happens to see "gold brick" in the public prints thereafter.

Fate and the Little Green Canary

By J. H. ROSNY AINE

Translated by William L. McPherson

"I AM NOT one of those who believe that trifling events influence the destiny of the universe—I mean that they have a considerable influence on it," said Georges Vardannes. "The fate of humanity is not changed because a Hindoo, going to bathe in the Ganges, starts out on his right foot instead of his left. But I am sure that very small happenings can have far-reaching effects on individual happiness and unhappiness."

"Certainly," Tinabre answered jokingly. "If you make a misstep you may break your leg or be run over by an automobile."

"As for me," Vardannes went on, "the event which I consider the most controlling in my life was the death of a canary. In those days I was in the employ of a wholesale leather dealer, named Sigismond Batalard. I went to the office about 9 in the morning and left it at half past 6. At noon I had an hour for luncheon. I was not badly off, in spite of my modest salary. Nature had given me an optimistic temperament. In the morning I started out early in order to loiter in the streets and along the banks of the river. It was an inexpensive pleasure and it brightened my whole day. In the evening I took another walk. After dinner I visited a cafe. Then I read for a while before going to bed. Saturday evenings I bought a gallery seat at some theater and on Sunday, when the weather was good, I made trips to the suburbs.

"I also allowed myself the pleasure of keeping a couple of canaries. These canaries were a legacy from my Aunt Elizabeth—a legacy accompanied by a hundred francs or so of income.

"The male canary was named Isidore, the female was named Becassine.

"Isidore was a green canary, very elegant in his person and a marvelous singer. Becassine was yellow, as fat as an ortolan, always before the seedbox or the cracknel and had a surly disposition.

"Isidore, who was younger than Becassine, paid court to her at first. But Becassine was unsentimental. She responded to Isidore's advances by pecking him on the head. So he spent many melancholy days. Sometimes in the spring he ventured to sing. He tried to repeat the hymn of his canary ancestors.

"But she promptly interrupted him—so effectually that he hardly ever sang any more. In short, he was an out-of-luck canary."

"This story seems to me to be extraordinarily interesting," said Tinabre with a yawn.

"I was living on the fifth floor of an old house without an elevator," Vardennes continued. "Paying a moderate rent, I had a bedroom, a sitting room, a kitchen and a little balcony. This balcony was a delightful place. What charming hours I have spent there on mild days!

"Alongside the run-down building in which I lived a sumptuous new building had been erected. My little balcony adjoined a long and comfortable balcony opposite, on which a big man, with a grouchy face, sometimes appeared.

"He took a few steps, looked at the sky, the street and the chimneys and then reentered his apartment. This man, like my employer, was a wholesale leather dealer."

"I foresee a sunden change of fortune," said Tinabre.

"You are right. And this is what happened. One Sunday morning I found the female canary dead. Stretched out in the little zinc bath tub, she lay with her beak wide open, and the young Isidore, very much frightened, was jumping from one perch to another.

"Of what did she die? It was a mystery. I did not make any inquest to find out, but merely took the little body out of the cage and put it in the garbage can. After which I carried the cage out on the balcony. The weather was fine. Isidore showed unwonted cheerfulness and presently he began to sing. He sang ecstatically. There was no longer any one to torment him. There was no longer any one to give him vicious pecks on the head.

"Ah! the little rascal! He was celebrating in his way the death of his companion. In truth, his voice was marvelous. I saw several neighbors listening to him with delight. Swelling out his little bagpipe, he sang of spring, of the returning green, the great poem of the woods, everything which captive canaries continue to celebrate through atavism.

"About 10 o'clock my big neighbor appeared. He listened to Isidore with the greatest satisfaction. He remained there fully an hour. And as I came out to take a look at the street he said to me:

"'That canary, monsieur, is a great singer. He is the Caruso of canaries. There are nightingales which do not sing any better than he does.'

"Tastes and distastes are mysteries. This big leather merchant loved to hear birds sing. He came to listen to Isidore every day thereafter, and when I was on my balcony we exchanged some words.

"Little by little my neighbor showed me good will, then sympathy, so that on a certain Sunday he invited me to take breakfast with him.

"His character was like his physiognomy. I mean to say that he was cross-grained. But it has been observed long ago that the cross-grained are not necessarily bad people, and, as for me, I believe them to be more constant and loyal than most other human beings are.

"He bought a canary of high pedigree which we mated with Isidore, and presently we hatched out four little canaries, half of which promised to be singers equal to Isidore.

"We divided the brood, so that the following year the leather merchant enjoyed on his own balcony the melodies of the woods.

"In the interval he had taken me into his employment and became so much attached to me that he gave me rapid promotions and ended by giving me his niece in marriage. As she was his only heir I found myself, naturally enough, associated with my employer's fortunes.

"And that is how it is. I believe that if Becassine had not died I would still be a simple employee and that my greatest ambition would be to lay up a little income against my old age."

"I believe as you do," said Tinabre. "In all times canaries have played a great role in human affairs."